

### THE RESULT.

As our readers know, the result of the late election in Ohio, is a Legislature opposed, by a large majority, to anything like the Maine Law. This, to many good friends of Temperance, we have no doubt, was unexpected. If, however, we take into consideration the peculiar circumstances under which the question of legal prohibition came before the people of this State, we think the result which followed the recent campaign should not have been unlooked for. We have been battling a giant, of whose strength we have not had an adequate conception. Men of wealth and influence are identified with the manufacture of and traffic in intoxicating liquors. Millions of dollars are invested in the business, and avarice and appetite unite to sustain it. Against such an enemy, how could temperance men expect, undisciplined as they are in this kind of warfare, to carry everything before them in the very first engagement. It seems to us little less than presumption. Indeed, we may rejoice that we have succeeded as well as we have. The result furnishes us great ground of encouragement. It has demonstrated the fact that a majority of the people of Ohio desire that the liquor traffic should come to an end. Many men who would have voted for the law, could the question have been presented untrammelled by party politics, voted with their party against it, while no one really unfavorable to a prohibitory statute deserted his principles in this respect for the sake of his party predilections. Again, we believe that all the Free Soil conventions have passed resolutions in favor of the Maine Law, making it a plank in their platforms. It is fair, then, to count the Free Soil vote on the side of the law. In almost every county in the State there were two Maine Law candidates in the field, and had the votes received by the two been united upon one, the result would have been, in a majority of cases, the election of men in favor of the law. In this county, for instance, the Free Soil vote, had it been cast for Mr. Ford, would have secured his election. We do not make these remarks in any spirit of fault-finding. For aught we have now to say, the Free Soilers of this and other counties have, by the course they have pursued, secured results immeasurably more important than the sweeping of the liquor traffic and its attendant evils from our State; of this, let them judge. We only refer to this matter in proof of the assertion that the result of the election shows a majority of Maine Law men in Ohio, and that could they have been united, our triumph would have been complete, so far as the passage of a prohibitory law is concerned.

Nor are we to suppose that what we have achieved in this campaign will be of no avail for the time to come. What we have accomplished is necessary to make for future operations and future success. This was the first time that the people of this State had been called upon to vote on this question. No wonder there should be some nervous shrinking. But the ice is broken now, and this can no longer be regarded as a new issue. Again, this campaign has mapped out the work for temperance men. They now know just where their labors are needed, and will be able to give a more judicious direction to them than heretofore. In many respects will we derive profit from the late contest. The difficulties we have to encounter in obtaining the desired law will but serve to give it more value when we get it—they will strengthen our hearts and nerve our arms to retain and enforce it.

But suppose the Temperance cause is defeated as badly as the most ex-

ultant rum-seller in the land claims. What of it? Is the struggle ended? If any temperance man is disposed to think so, we assure him that his ideas of the importance of the Reform are very far below what they should be. The cause in which we are engaged is a great cause. Great results are to be effected, and they cannot be brought about in a day. The man who seeks wealth does not cease pursuing it because a fortune is not won at the very outset. He toils on from day to day, hoping at last to secure his object. The Christian religion, after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, sheds its light upon a very small portion of our earth. Shall efforts for its propagation therefore be suspended? If any Temperance man has buckled on the armor for a year, let him commence anew and enlist for life. And if any foe of Temperance has flattered himself that the cause is to be deserted, let him know that it cannot be so. Hope, Humanity and Heaven forbid. Duty imperatively bids us onward, and though the way before us were a thousand times more dark, we cannot refuse to advance. No, committing the result to the Great Author of the enterprise, let every Temperance man enter upon the work before him, feeling that it is a great work, and one well worthy the efforts of a life time.

**AMERICAN MONUMENTS.**—The monuments erected in America exceed in height those of the old world. Thus, there is not a column, either ancient or modern, in Europe, so high as the Bunker Hill Monument. The highest column in Europe (202 feet high) is the one erected in London by Sir Christopher Wren, in commemoration of the great fire in 1666. Pompey's Pillar is only 90 feet in height, and Trojan's but 115. The highest monument in Paris is 137. The Alexander Column, in St. Petersburg, is 175 feet 6 inches. The Nelson Column, in London, is 171 feet from the level of Trafalgar Square. Bunker Hill Monument is 220 feet high. The proposed Brock Monument at Queens-town will be 185 feet high. The Washington Monument is now 150 feet high, and when completed will be about five hundred. It is found that the monument stands exactly in the middle of what was the "ten miles square." It is of such gigantic proportions that either of the other monuments above named, could be placed inside of it without much impeding the operations of the workmen, and when it is finished any two of the monuments of Europe could be stowed away within its walls without being noticed from the exterior.

**EDUCATION.**—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's looks—with a father's nod of approbation or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadow—with bird's nests admired but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself.

The modest maiden, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, is much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband happy, and reclaims him from vice, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes—*Goldsmith.*

**Coughing in Consumption.**—The *New York Herald*, of July 10th, states that during the week preceding, fifty persons died of consumption in that city. *Per contra*, a gentleman called upon us yesterday, who actually escaped from the fangs of that disease some years ago; and we are induced to present the circumstances:—

"You speak of coughing continually. Let me suggest to you the query, whether this is not unnecessary and injurious. I have long been satisfied, from experience and observation, that much of the coughing which precedes and attends consumption is voluntary. Several years ago, I boarded with a man who was in the incipient stages of consumption. I slept in a chamber over his bed-room, and was obliged to hear him cough continually and distressingly. I endured the annoyance night after night, till it led me to reflect whether something could not be done to stop it. I watched the sound which the man made, and observed that he evidently made a voluntary effort to cough. After this, I made experiments on myself, and found that I could prevent myself from coughing, sneezing, gaping, &c., in cases of the strongest propensity to these acts, by a strenuous effort of the will. Then I reflected, that coughing must be irritating and injurious to the delicate organs that are concerned in it, especially when they are in a diseased state. What can be worse for ulcerated bronchia or lungs, than the violent wrenching of a cough? It must be worse than speaking. A sore on any part of the body, if it is constantly kept open by violent usage, or made raw again by a contusion just when it is healing (and of course begins to itch,) will grow worse, and may end in death. Certainly, then, a sore on the lungs may be expected to terminate fatally, if it is constantly irritated, and never suffered to heal; and this, it seems to me, is just what coughing does for it. On the strength of such considerations as these, I made bold to ask him if he could not stop coughing. He answered No. I told him what I thought about it as above. He agreed to make a trial; and, on so doing, found to his surprise that he could suppress his cough almost entirely. The power of his will over it, increased as he exercised it, and in a few days he was most rid of the disposition to cough. His health at the same time evidently improved. And when I last saw him, he was in strong hopes of getting out of death's hands."

This occurred eighteen years ago, and the man comes round now, an active business man, averring that he has not had a sick day since.—*Ex.*

**INTEMPERANCE AND YELLOW FEVER.**—A physician of New Orleans writes to the Boston "Medical Journal" as follows:

"The epidemic came down like a storm upon this devoted city, with eleven hundred and twenty seven dram shops in one of the four divisions into which it has been divided. It is not the citizens proper, but the foreigners, with mistaken notions about the climate and country, who are the chief supporters of these haunts of intemperance. About five thousand of them died before the epidemic touched a single citizen or sober man, as far as I can get the facts."

As an offset to the wonderful "ox that gives milk," so much talked of in the papers, our Jim wishes us to mention that he has a cow that doesn't! a case which strikes us as quite as much out of order and a good deal more vexatious. By the by, Jim suggests to the astronomers at Cambridge that that ox ought to have a place on the astral maps, on account of his being in "the milky way!"—*Boston Post.*

**A Young Dealer.**—A correspondent of the United States Gazette gives the following curious account of the manner in which the mode of making round shot was originally discovered. We believe it will be new to many of our readers:—

"My father was a plumber in this city, and for a long time could think of nothing but how to make round shot. Round shot was the burthen of the night as well as the day. One night he was awakened by a blow in the back from my mother, who exclaimed, 'I have found out how to make round shot.' I dreamed I was going into a shop to buy the child a hat, when on hearing a hissing noise proceed from an inner room, I was informed that they were making round shot; on going in I found a man pouring melted lead through a sieve at the top of the building, which fell in a tub of water on the floor, and on taking some of the shot into my hand, I found they were perfectly round! My father exclaimed in ecstasy, 'You have found it out.' Immediately he set the melting pot to work, and on pouring some of the lead from the top of the stairs he found the shot much rounder than any which he had before made. At daylight he poured some from the top of the leading tower of the city, succeeding much better; and on pouring some from the shaft of the mine he found that he had obtained 'round shot.'"

A young tipler at the threshold, and a sot at the grave. The saloon and the scaffold—the bright hopes of young manhood and the gnawings of remorse; the bright laughter of the young revelers, and the maniac's wail among the lost; the luring promise of fame, and the lowest crater of infamy; the innocence of childhood, and the wickedness of the damned. Stand, sir, upon the threshold of the drunkenness, and the whole panorama of intemperance lies before you. There is the first step and the last. There is the man behind the bar with the toddy stick, and the man behind the church in Potter's Field with his spade. The pathway is broad and deeply beaten, for throngs of eager pilgrims are struggling to the land of gibbet, dungeon and grave. Do you go in? Think of home, kindred, childhood and heaven, and turn away! That is a fearful road to travel.—*Cayuga Chief.*

"Well, I knew it would be somehow so, and that these womens' light conventions would never do no good," said Mrs. Partington, taking off her spectacles and depositing them on the newspaper she had been perusing. "I knew these womens' rights conventions would do no good, and now just see what they've done—they've broke the patchin' bank and the men'll all have to wear holes in their trousers. Well, 'twasn't so when poor dear Mr. Partington was alive, for I kept 'em all up nice. I almost think sometimes; when I see what carryin's on there is nowadays, that it's a great salvation he's gone, poor soul." The rocking vibrated gently.

"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Certainly, my dear madam, anything is a means of grace which breaks up pride and leads to repentance." [Exit Mr. Jones, under the influence of a mop-handle.]

Joseph Burgoyne is a candidate for Justice of the Peace for the township of Cincinnati, at the ensuing election, to be held on Monday, the 19th of December.